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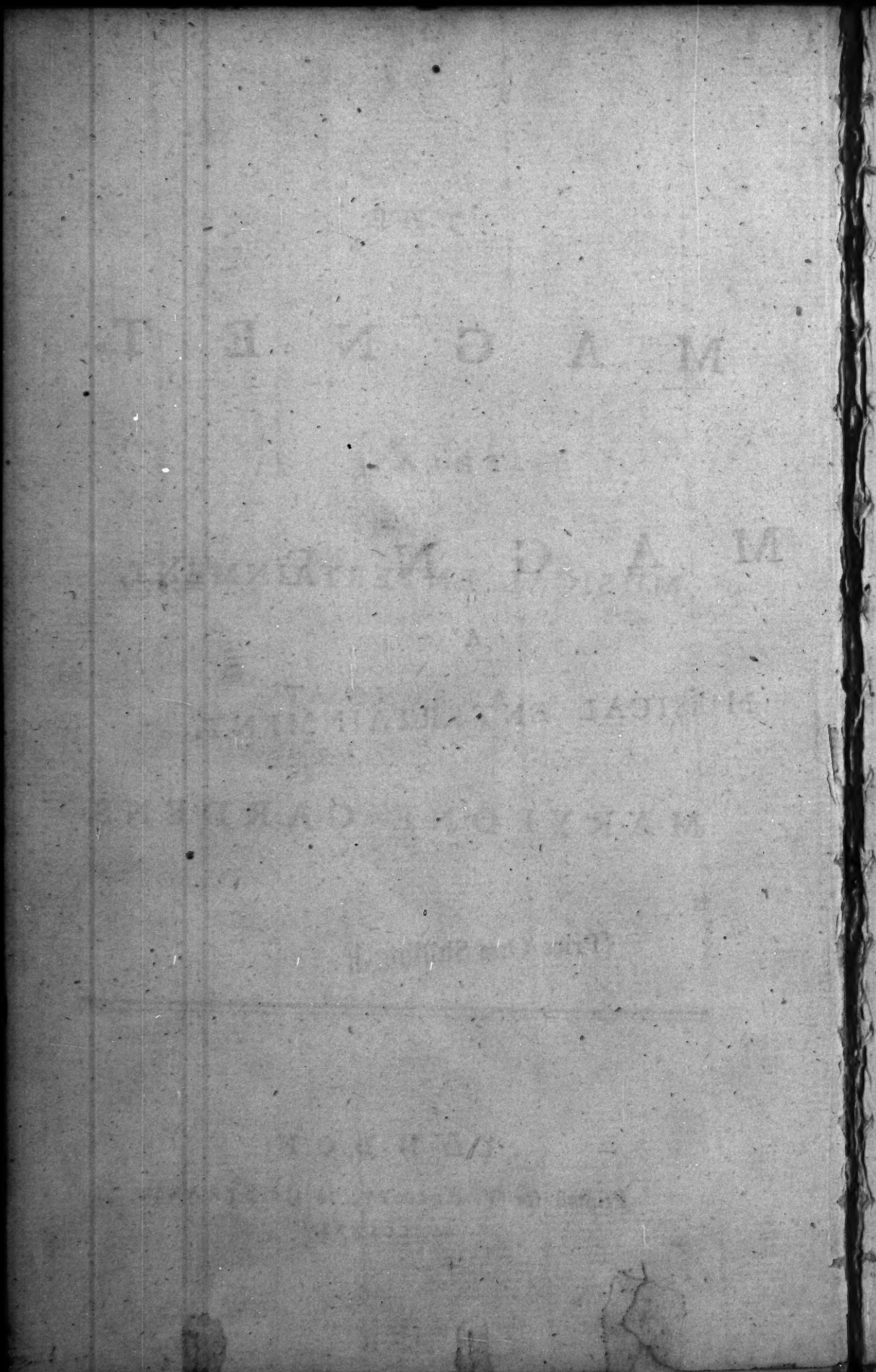
THE

M A G N E T.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

[Price One Shilling.]



THE
M A G N E T.

A

K

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

AS SUNG AT

MARYBONE GARDENS.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, in the STRAND.

MDCCLXXI.

M A G N E T.

CLAUDIUS,

CLARA AND HONORIA.

MARYBONE GARDENS.

L O W D O N.

Printed by T. BARNES, at the Strand.
MOORE'S

THE
M A G N E T.

CLAUDIUS.

HOW difficult my Task 'tween two,
Pursu'd myself,—while I pursue ;
What, marry!—no!—for Shackles I
Will never barter Liberty !
True, *Clara's* rich,—has an Estate ;
But then, ye Gods ! how she can prate.
If I *Honor*a can secure,
On easy Terms ;—she—she's my Lure.

A I R.

*Shall I, in the gay, giddy Summer of Life,
 Be plagu'd with a termigant, chattering Wife;
 My Freedom resign,
 At Bondage repine,
 And plunge in a Sea of Contention and Strife,
 Who now at my Will can have Women and Wine?
 As long as I'm young,
 I'll avoid a Shrew's Tongue,
 And make all the Sweets of Variety mine.*

*But ah! behold the dear bewitching Maid;
 In all the Charms of Innocence array'd;
 Honoria! —*

CLARA!

*What, that hated Rival's Name
 Still on your Tongue—Resentment you enflame.*

I tell thee, *Claudius*, I won't bear this Slight,
To me your Father gave you,—you're my Right.

CLAUDIUS.

His was the Right, when he made that Bequest,
I was not of his Lands or Cash posselt;
But now the Scene is chang'd, Death made
them mine,
And Inclination's wanting to be thine.

CLARA.

You must and shall.—

CLAUDIUS.

Good Madam, fure you rave,
Man never was design'd to be a Slave.
Your most obedient—.

CLARA.

Monster! bold Ingrate!
I'll be reveng'd of thee, as fure as Fate.

THE MAGNET.

A I R.

How my Heart swells with Rage,
I'll each Fury engage,
For to aid me, to work his Undoing;
Thus with Jealousy torn,
To encounter his Scorn,
In my Brain his Destruction is brewing;
If rank Poison or Steel
Have but Pow'r to prevail,
I'll wound him, in her, he's pursuing.

HONORIA.

Fain, o'er my Heart, wou'd I a Conquest gain,
 And banish from my Thought this daring Swain;
 He wooes me in a base dishonest Way,
 And tries to lead my Innocence astray.
 I must not listen to him—'tis his Aim
 To plunge me into Infamy and Shame.

THE MAGNET.

9

A I R,

How cruel 'tis in Man, to take

Such Pains to win our Love;

Then leave that tender Heart to break,

Whose Virtue they can't move.

Thus Claudius, the inconstant Youth,

Pursues but to undo;

Ab! wou'd that he possess'd more Truth,

And cou'd with Honour woo.

[Going he meets her.

CLAUDIUS,

Wherefore, *Honor*a, art thou grown so shy,

And carefully avoid'st mine eager Eye;

Am I of late then so disgustful grown,

Who once I thought cou'd call thee all my own?

THE MAGNET.

HONORIA.

At that Time you respectful Courtship paid,
 And I, alas! believ'd whate'er you said;
 But now —

CLAUDIUS.

What now, my Love? the Sentence end.

HONORIA.

You wou'd commence a Traitor 'stead of Friend.

A I R.

*While fondly pursuing,
 You seek my Undoing,
 All former Respect you resign;
 How cruel their Nature,
 Who'd ruin a Creature,
 With Heart unsuspecting as mine?*

The

THE MAGNET.

11

*The Title of Lover,
I pray thee give over,
To thee that of Traitor is due ;
No more will I bear thee,
Or ever come near thee,
Farewel! cruel Claudius, adieu!*

[Going.

CLAUDIUS.

All idle Stuff—mere Nonfense, on my Life,
He's the worst Traitor, who'd make thee a Wife ;
More gen'rous I, relinquish each Desire
T'emprison thee, my Charmer.

[Offers to lay hold of her.

HONORIA.

— Sir, retire —.
Think not with me, successful you can prove
On any Terms, but honourable Love.

CLAUDIUS.

*The Cant of the Sex 'tis for ever**To dwell upon Honour and Love ;**To bind us in Fetters is clever,**To bill with our conjugal Dove ;**Damn all such nonsensical Folly,**Affection shou'd ne'er be constrain'd ;**The Thought makes me quite melancholy,**I'll never agree to be chain'd.**My Dear, to leave thee at thy Option free,**Shews that, I honourable mean to be.*

CLARA in a Passion.

CLARA.

*Indeed ! my worthy Sir, then ere you do,**I must beg Leave to say a Word or two.*

CLAUDIUS [*aside.*]

What curst Intrusion this! —

HONORIA [*aside.*]

What can she mean?

CLAUDIUS [*aside, agitated.*]

'Twill ruin all.—

HONORIA [*aside, observing him.*]

— His Looks, his Guilt explain.

CLAUDIUS [*whispering HONORIA.*]

She's mad, my Love.—

CLARA [*separating them in a Rage.*]

Pray, no conspiring here,
Between ye both, I've Right to interfere.

[Sings] A I R.

*My Heart is so full, I can't speak,
 It swells so, I fear it will break,
 Down, down, dreadful Rage, for a while;
 False Villain, my Love to despise,
 Vile Minx, I will tear out thine Eyes,
 Who from me his Heart did beguile.*

CLAUDIUS [*laying hold on CLARA, she struggling.*]

Fly, fair *Honor*a, fly, the Harpy's Rage;
 They're more than mortal—who'd with it engage.
 She's gone, my Charmer's safe from all your Spite—
 To you I now restore your Liberty—good Night.
 [Going.]

CLARA.

Stay, *Claudius*, stay—my Anger I'll disguise,
 And see if Tears can make his Pity rise. [Aside.]

CLAUDIUS.

What's your Commands? speak quickly, I'm
in Haste.

CLARA.

Since chang'd thy Circumstance, how chang'd
thy Taste!

DUETTO.

*Affwage my fond Anguish,
Leave me not to languish,
And pine away Life without thee;*

CLAUDIUS.

Ha, ha, ha, how complying,

CLARA.

You laugh while I'm dying,

CLAUDIUS.

Ha, ha, ha, he can laugh who is free.

CLARA.

Oh! Oh! Oh! I'm distracted;

CLAUDIUS.

*Ha, ha, ha, Grief well acted;
I see through the slender Disguise;*

CLARA,

*In my Bosom fell Furies arise,
I'll the Fiction give over,*

CLAUDIUS.

I'll continue the Rover.

BOTH.

*Our Passions appear in our Eyes.
Our Passions appear in our Eyes.*

PART THE SECOND.

HONORIA.

A I R.

I Love, there's no denying,*But ere I'd yield, I'd die;**The Maid that's too complying,**Her Lover soon will fly.**He, like the Bee, will rifle**The easy-gotten Sweets;**Then quit the ravaged Trifle,**For the next Flow'r he meets.*

Just

Just now, I met proud *Clara's* angry Eye,
She darted Fury, as I pass'd her by;
What makes her thus my wand'ring Steps
pursue?
I've given her Cause of Jealousy—'tis true—
Claudius for me forsook her,—but what then,
We Constancy scarce ever meet in Men.
I, in Rotation only was admir'd;
And he, alas! with lawless Passion fir'd,
I now must shun;—but ah! behold! she's here!
I know not why—yet I her Presence fear.

CLARA.

So, Mistress, I've o'ertaken thee at last,
You exercis'd me well, you run so fast.

HONORIA.

You then should thank me, Exercise is good;
The Doctors say, it circulates the Blood.

CLARA.

Saucy enough,—pray who made thee so wise?
It serves to make my Anger fiercer rise.

HONORIA.

I'm easy about what thy Rage can do,

CLARA.

I'm not so easy, Madam, about you;
You've need to dread the Fury I am in,
Have at thy Heart;—behold! this Corking-Pin.

[HONORIA shrieks and runs off.

—What Disappointment!—from me she is fled;
Too slow my Vengeance, or she had been dead.

A I R.

What Woman wou'd bear to be slighted,

For such a young Gipsy as this?

I'll answer she shall be requited,

For my Disappointment of Bliss.

Unmarried, if Favours we've granted,

The sharp Tongue of Slander wounds deep ;

While Wives act with Courage undaunted,

And Hymen lulls Censure asleep.

CLAUDIUS.

Curse on the Dice—Five Hundred gone—e'en so ;
 Who'd think it—Three Times Sixes he did throw ;
 Foul Play I'm certain—what a silly Pate !
 Fortune ! thou Jilt—I'll shun thee—ere too late.

A I R.

No more, I'll haunt the sharpening Set,

Who throw the loaden Dye ;

Can pique, repique you at Piquet,

And cheat the wary Eye.

I'll never more at Billiards take

The Mace or Cue in Hand ;

Of Fools let them their Market make,

Enow are in the Land.

To sweeter Pleasures I'll my Time devote;

[Goes, and returns with a Paper.

From some dear Nymph, an Invitation Note.

[Opens the Note, reads and starts.

Perdition! what! *Honor*ia from me fled,

Clara too missing—I some Mischief dread;

I must pursue them;—Love, assist me,—thou!

Thou art the *Magnet*, that attracts me now.

HONORIA.

Thus like the hunted Hare, I fearful fly,

They should run fast—who, if they stop, must die.

A I R.

That terrible Weapon,

Might skewer a Capon,

I tremble to think of its Length;

Had she stuck it in me,

To Tree she might pin me,

For I, to resist, had not Strength.

D

From

*From Rival and Lover,
 Wou'd, I cou'd discover
 Some Spot, where I safely cou'd Rest;
 The Night now grows dreary,
 I'm sleepy and weary, [yawns.
 I must here lay down, I protest.*

[Sinks down upon a Bank.

CLARA.

I know not where I am,—lo! awful Night
 Has drop'd her fable Curtain, o'er the Light;
 My Jealousy has drawn me in a Snare,
 I wish I was at Home, I do declare.
 Who knows, but by some rustic Clown pursu'd,
 The Fellow may o'ertake me, and be rude.

CLAUDIUS [*overbearing her.*]

CLAUDIUS [*aside.*]

Is't so? then I'll for once my Talents try,
 Disguise my Voice—that she shan't know 'tis I.

D U E T T O.

Hollo! say, who goes there?

CLARA.

Alas! it is e'en as I thought,

CLAUDIUS [*laying hold on her.*]

Highb Day! who have we here?

Odds zookers, a Wench, I have caught.

CLARA.

Pray, honest Swain, unloose your Hold,

I surely shall die with the Fright; [aside.

CLAUDIUS.

My Dear, I to say, may make bold,

You're not out for nothing at Night.

D 2

CLARA.

I faint, I die,

CLAUDIUS.

*You'll soon comply.*HONORIA [*awaking.*]*Ab! where am I?*CLARA and CLAUDIUS [*parting and trembling.*]

Whence comes that shrill Noise? 'tis a Sprite,
How glad I wou'd be, it were light.

HONORIA [*still reclining on her Elbow.*]

'Twas but a Dream,—methought her Voice I heard,
Such empty Visions merit no Regard;
Morpheus still holds Dominion o'er my Mind,
Tho' hard my Bed, to Sleep I am resign'd.

[falls asleep again,

CLAUDIUS.

The dawning Day my further Search invites
 For my *Honoria*;—see! how it requites
 My midnight Toil,—the lovely Charmer's found,
 The Heav'n's her Canopy,—her Bed the Ground.

A I R.

*Sleep on, in Safety, beauteous Maid,
 Thou hast no need to be afraid,*

My Magnet ever prove;

Thou hast to Virtue been my Guide,

And as thy Guardian I'll preside,

To watch my sleeping Love.

HONORIA [*awaking.*]

She 'wakes, my fair awakes, she opes her Eyes
 To seal my Pardon and reward my Sighs.

HONORIA [*Starting from the Bank.*]

What! *Claudius* with me, in this lonely Place;

CLAUDIUS.

Oh! turn not from me that bewitching Face;

See at thy Feet, repentant *Claudius* kneels,

And all the Influence of thy Virtue feels.

No more t'offend—

HONORIA.

Ye Gods! is he sincere?

CLARA.

If he's a Penitane—another's here.

I ask your Pardon for what's past—

CLAUDIUS.

—Indeed!

CLARA.

My Jealousy is cur'd, from Love I'm freed.

Prove grateful to *Honoria*—

CLARA.

CLAUDIUS.

—On my Life!

I'll take my Fair-one to my wedded Wife.

HONORIA.

So unexpected is this Change, I make

Much Question in myself, if I'm awake.

With Friend and Love I'm sure

CLARA.

In fair Reality it 'fore you stands,
 Earnest of future Friendship, let's strike Hands.

TRIO.

CLARA.

The Storm now suppress;
How calm is my Breast,
I quite metamorphos'd appear;

HONORIA.

How chang'd is my Fate,
My Bliss is complete,
With Friend and with Lover sincere.

THE MAGNET.

29

CLAUDIUS,

My Wishes arise,

They speak in my Eyes,

Ob! read their fond Meaning, my Dear?

May each charming Maid,

With Love be repaid,

Who vouchsafes its Magnet to wear.

CHORUS.

Now to ye, married Fair-ones,

Our Counsel is due;

Of the Magnet be careful,

'Twill keep your Spouse true.

While the Man who does not the Possessor revere,

We pronounce him an Ass—and unworthy the Fair.

F I N I S.

E

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